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Philobasileus.

PHILEPISCOPUS.

PHILOPHILUS.

Th. Du Gard M. A. R. B.

Φιλοβασιλεὺς, Φιλεπισκόπος, καὶ Φίλοις ἅπασι.

LONDON,
Printed and are to be sold by *Edward Brewster*, at the *Crane* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1684.

Philobasilikos.

PHIL. PISCOPIUS

R.B.

LONDON,

Printed and are to be sold by Richard Royston, at the Crane in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1664.

PHILOBASILEUS.

A Poem presented to the Archdeacon of Worcester, *and many other Ministers when they met at* Stratford *upon* Avon, *Octob.* 1. 1661. *About the Free Present.*

WHen any asks what Present I
Intend his Sacred Majesty,
I troubled am; not as Churles are,
Who say they nothing have to spare,
Their Charge and Payments are so great:
Besides they are so much in Debt:
And think it not a fitting thing
For them to give unto a King:
For so to do what can it be
But to add water to the Sea?
And wonder why the Parliament
Would such a *Deed of Gift* invent:
What? had they nothing else to do
But to set men a giving so,
When the most part in every place
Are not yet in a *Dative case*?

And add, they verily believe
The Money which now people give,
Will be so *Clipt*, his Majestie
Will scarce receive two parts in three:
And if he should receive full pay,
His Kindness would soon giv't away.
These Charles in grain thus and more say;
I might have said they thus do *Bray*.
These love a Crown above their King,
And count their Coin *The Soveraign Thing*.
Most *Midas minded* Miscreants: who
'Twere well they shew'd his long Ears too:
And found the Metamorphosis
That Miser did in every dish:
Until their dog-like appetite
Were fated and extinguisht quite:
And the Guilt of this *Powder-Treason*
Against their Soveraign Lady, Reason,
Were purg'd by some choice Offering
Unto our Soveraign Lord the King.
My trouble is not with my Heart,
That something now I must impart
To Him, who all I have preserves,
And all I have and am deserves,
But that my Hand no better keeps
Pase with my Heart: The one but creeps,
The other flees, and takes a view
Of all the Treasure in *Peru*.

Mountains

Mountains of Gold it doth conceive,
Yea more, of Pearls: and then doth grieve,
That 'tis not able to command
What it conceives into my Hand.
Araunah, as a King, unto
King *David* gave. So would I do
Unto King *Charles*: I would present
Something like Him, *Most-Excellent*:
That, as He is of Kings the *Best*,
Should make Him *Greater* than the rest.
And 'tis my comfort that I see,
My Hand being bound, my Will so free:
And that if my Tenuitie
Shall forty Crowns add unto three,
(Wishing they were so many Thrones,
Made all of Pearls and pretious Stones,)
They'l with *Great Charles* acceptance find
According to my *Willing Mind*.
For He is like the King of Kings,
Who thus accepts mean Offerings.

2 Chr. 17. 5. *The Lord established the Kingdom in his hand, and all* Judah *brought to* Jehoshaphat *Presents, and he had riches and honour in abundance.*
2 Chron. 32. 23. *And many brought gifts unto the Lord to* Jerusalem, *and Presents to* Hezekiah, *King of* Judah: *so that he was magnified in the sight of all Nations from thenceforth.*

Ad Symmystas venerandos, Verbi divini Ministros, cùm Calendis Octobris, Anno Dom. 1661. Stratfordiæ in agro Varvicensi, Amorem suum Gratitudinémq; in Regem Sereniſſimum, summéq; φιλοκλησιον dexteris ὁμοσπονδοις testandi ergô convenirent.

DIgnus es Argento, fulvo quoq; dignior Auro.
Naso *poëta suum sic est affatus amicum.*
O quanto magis est Carolus *Rex dignus utroque!*
Qui superat Reges alios, ut quaque metalla
Aurum præmitatur, aut Titan *aureus astra.*
Scilicet, Auri instar, lento spectatus in igne,
(Ah quàm dura et dira tulit!) Purissimus exit.
Numinis hinc Illi Cultus, Sapientia, vera
Relligionis amor, Candor, Prudentia rerum,
In sese Imperium, Regnorum Cura Paterna,
Justitia, atq; Fides, & quavis deniq; Virtus,
Crevit in Immensum. Virtutum Tanta Corona,
Atq; Satellitium, quo non Augustius unquam,
Sacrum hunc Sceptrigerum modò non Cœlestibus (æquat,

O Fortunatæ *divino Rege* Britannæ
Insulæ, & Hybernæ! *sed Tanto Rege minores:*
Rege, & totius digno moderamine Terræ.
Huic Placuisse Patri Patriæ, qui Martis *alumnos,*
Terrificos

Terrificos nuper dominos, discinxit, & almâ
Pace hæc Regna beat; qui singula Munera Regis
Callet, & exequitur; cui Civibus una voluptas
Est Prodesse suis; Cives Certare decebit,
Et donare pias testantia Munera mentes.

Pulchrum hoc donandi spectat certamen ad omnes.
Ad nos præcipuè, Sacri qui semina Verbi
Spargimus. Ille Pater *nobis* Nutritius, *Ille*
Patronus Summus: qui nos, qui nostra tuetur
Singula, nec duris tradit Patrimonia votis.
Ista sed an quisquam, metuisset Fulmina nostrùm?
Quis non speravit linguàsq; animósq; faventes?
Et favisse minùs, cui non mirabile visum?
Exprimit & cui non sua spes illusa querelas?

Nónne Togata fuit Gens, exule Rege, tot annos
Sat misera, aut potiùs sat Mortua? Vivere certè
Vix dici poterat, sic incutiente timores,
Injiciente manu, mortémq; minante cruentam
Milite Sacrilego, doctarum Ossore Sororum:
Téq; illi dictante scelus, Fanatica Turba,
Docta solo Cœlum miscendi. Sacra prophanis,
Mutandi Lucem tenebis, Quadrata rotundis:
Turbo rapax, barathrùmq; vorax pestisq; tremenda.
Quæ propè bis denos miserè grassata per annos,
Regnorúmq; trium facies populata venustas,
Contemtrix Superûm, parendi nescia, soli
Visa tibi sapiens, monitus exosa salubres,
Seditionis amans cædisq; (hos Schisma Superbum

Parturit

Parturit infestos, mater nimis impia, fœtus;
Hac ova hi cervi, hos fructus hæc arbor amaros.)
O utinam aut superes, aut his excedere terris
Velles, atq; novas alibi tibi quærere sedes.
Indigna es patriis, quas (sic ingrata, rebellis,
Hæresiúmq; ferax) valdè fœdásq, gravásq;.
I precor, i propiùs: vacuum sed delige regnum,
Ut nè quem posthac occidas moribus istis.
Verùm ego quò rapior, Turbam dum persequor istam!
Ad Gentem redeo nostram Carolúmq; *Patronum.*
Gentem hanc, quæ Carolo *tandem redeunte revixit,*
Afflictam rursus quosquam voluisse? miselle
Invidisse suos reditus? Curtare paràsse? (vicis!
Quàm sors instabilis nostra est! quàm expôsta pe-
Quàm foret haud paucis longè suavissima Præda!
At Caroli Pietas non vocibus annuit ullis
Res tenuaturis nostras: Angescere Censum
Quàm minui nobis mavult: Spoliisq; Suorum,
Præcipuè occisi metuit ditescere Cleri.
Hoc Magnus *pacto Rex* Carolus *esse recusat.*
Illi cura Sui minima est, sed maxima Nostri;
Quos amat atq; fovet, quantum lymphata caterva
Devovet, obstitimus quòd turpibus istius ausis.
Incolumem Prius *Illa Fidem servavit, utrinq;*
Invictus, Bellona *ferox, & dira Suorum*
Seditio potuere nihil: nil Gratia summa
Blanditiæq;, quibus Quercum *Hanc persæpe petebant*

* Vid. Virgil. Aen. l. 4.

Papicolæ

Papicolæ assuti, sperantes posse moveri.
Habefacta tamen multo & firmissima mansit.
Res Jam respiciens nostras, tutánsq; volensq;
Esse Sua similes Fidei, meritissimus audit
Magnus Defensor Fidei. Gemiſq; Togatæ.
Deberi Carolo nos nostráq; jure fatendum est.
Is facit atheream verè vescamur ut aurâ.
Vita quid est etenim? nonne est Salvere, Valere,
Libertas, & Honos, & Opes, & Gaudia vitæ?
Hæc sunt vita, hæc vita est nostra, & Muneris Ejus.

Ergo lætati Magnum sanxisse Senatum
Arcâ ut quisq; suâ in Regem testetur Amorem,
(Et nos demeruit, quòd se tam Regis Amantem
Præbet, & exhaustis ità consulit Illius Arcis.)
Corda aperite Patri, Fratres, aperite Crumenas.
Si qui deliteant, quibus haud Stymphalides uncos
Immisere ungues (& Paucis, spero, pepercit
Ferrea Tempestas) Fulvos jam promite nummos.
Prodeat Argentum, si forte haud suppetit Aurum.
Non ingrata vices supplebit Cynthia Phœbi,
Cùm caput occidui rutilans is condidit undis.
Esse Nefas Summum dextram jam credite Mancam;
Atq; Nefas Magnum dextram jam credite* Parcam.
Qua procul à nobis, precor, ô procul omnibus absint.
Atq; aberunt, nisi nos Ingratos esse velimus
In Regem, Meritis qui nos Ingentibus implet,

* Parcentes ego dixeram Odi. Hor. l. 3. Od. 19.

Et

Et Regum in Regem, qui nos Hoc Rege beavit. (stris?
Fallor? an est Gregibus manus haud ita Libera ve-
Sunt bene Nummati, qui nec munuscula donent.
Pars horum censet Sua viscera viscera Terræ,
Nec minui Loculos unquam sine Sanguine sentit.
Divitiis inhiat, majores quarit acervos
Per fas atq; nefas, illos sua Numina ducens.
Hæc donanda sibi sperat: qui munera verò
Sperat ab hac, & aquas à scabro pumice speret,
Clavámq; Herculeis paret extorquere lacertis.
Et tamen impensè Regem se jactat Amare.
Forsan Amat, sed Inanis amor res Vilis habenda est.
Hos homines Nihili verè quis dixerit esse.
Pars nec Amat, cui nempe Grave est, caligine pulsâ,
Rursus in astrifero Solem splendescere Cœlo,
Et Mare pacatis tandem subsidere ventis,
Astraámq; suos terris ostendere vultus,
Et dare Monstra hominum meritas Sevissima pœnas,
Agminaq; Errorum damnari in Tartara nigra.
Huic cum desit Amor, mirum est si Dextera desit?
Quid tribuent Soli tenebræ? quid Tartara Cœlo?
Quid Jovis alitibus milvi corviq; rapaces?
Sunt quibus est Animus Dives, sed dextera Pauper:
Nil penitus quod donet habens. Fortuna novercans
Quantumvis tenuem vix illis porrigit escam.
Non Mens Grata deest, non Officiosa Voluntas,
Non Amor, ac ejus comites. Lætantur abundè
Rege suo, Recinuntq; ejus per compita Landes:

Atq;

Atq; Dolent non esse sibi vel parvula dona.
Nunc Onus est solito Gravius, nunc Acriùs urit
Pauperies: Duplicat gemitus jam Curta supellex:
Excitat ingentes jam res angusta *querelas.*
Nunc Magnas Mirantur Opes, soloſq; Beatos
Censent esse, quibus norûnt turgere crumenas.
Nunc in Vota rôrunt; sed quæ Mediocria spernant.
Maxima quæque petunt, Summóſq; repentè creari,
Atq; Opibus Crasso Crœsóque *excellere poscunt.*
Ista perire sibi cernentes, altera vota
Concipiunt pro Rege, quibus Deus annuat oro.
Nimirum, ut quoniam Regum est longè Optimus, et sit
Majestate pari, Regum quoq; Maximus: Hostes,
Quotquot ii fuerint, contundat: Schismata (Pestes
Regnorum) tollat: tandem sit Conjuge felix;
Qua, fœcunda Parens, non solùm Regna Britanna,
Sed vicina etiam, Natis Stellantibus ornet:
Et quam Nutricem hæc Ecclesia sentiat Almam;
Qualis Elisa *fuit: quam sæcula nulla silebunt.*
Deniq; Cœlestes serus repetatur in Arces;
Nempe senis Pylii *postquam numeraverit annos.*
Has aliásq; Preces eximo pectore fundunt:
Atq; profusuros (si res ità postulet) ipsas
Sese Animas etiam (quia desunt Munera) spondent.
Paucos esse reor, queis rerum Copia Magna,
Et Mens Magna simul, digno se Munere prodens.
Hinc vobis augetur onus: cervicibus illud
Suscipitote piis: vestrum est Duo Munera Munus.

Nec

Nec ducatis Onus. *Decus est dare Munera Regi.*
Nec Dare *oredatis, sed* Reddere. *Reddimus Illi*
Quæ prior Ipse dedit. Nec reddita Perdita *fas est*
Credere. Nam Carolus *quodcunq; acceperit illud,*
Fertilis instar agri, multo cum fœnore reddet.
Reddere cœpit enim Rex Aureus Aurea secla.

Per Munus, erga Regem & honos & affectio ostenditur. *Irenæus lib.* 4. *cap.* 34.

The Great Windfall.

CHilds *Oke*, the glory of (*a*) *Balshall* Heath,
Felt long ago the stroke of death.
No radical moisture could be seen
For many a year in the least Green.
The Head was bald, the Arms were shrunk,
And some decayes were in the Trunk.
Yet still it stood: it's destiny
As though it purpos'd to defie.
Till *windy Tuesday* (*b*) gav't a Blow,
Struck up it's heels, and laid it low.
A goodly corpse now you may see:
Childs Oke had been a Masty tree.
Like that of *Ceres*, which did go
For a fair Grove. (*c*) Childs Oke might so,

(*a*) Not far from *Warwick*. (*b*) *February* 18. 1661. (*c*) *una nemus.* Ovid. Met. li 8.

Childs

Childs Oke? the Giants Oke say rather,
Or of all neighbouring Okes the father.
A Princely Plant, a Patriot
Of very great and eminent note.
A gallant way-mark: which gave light
To Travellers both day and night.
Now *Travellers*, what will ye do?
Where's one that will direct you so?
I pitty you: for sure as day
Ye frequently will lose your way.
And now ye *Neighbours*, think ye good
To burn Childs Oke, that Noble wood?
Keep off your fingers, and attend
Unto the course I shall commend.
Some of this Oke I pray you take,
(Some of the Best,) and thereof make
Mercurial Statues: thus it will
Retain it's former office still.
Make Staves for ancient men of *Some*:
And One so good, it may become
From year to year the worthy hand
Of Him, who *Warwick* shall command.
Warwick, where to be seen do lie
The Dun Cows Rib, and Sword of *Guy*.
To those this Staff may added be,
No despicable Rarity.
Turn into Rulers *Some*; that so
Childs Oke may pleasure Children too,

In drawing lines, by which they may
Their wandring Penns keep in the way.
Then make you may of some o'th' rest
Skreen, Table, Stool, Box, Desk, and Chest.
Any of which will matter be
Of a delightful history.
What's for no other use may go
Toth'fire, and there it's service do.
But be sure that you lay it by
Untill some Great Solemnity.
'Tis fuel for a *Christmas-day:*
Or for the *Twenty-ninth of May:*
When loyal hearts pray fervently
The Royal Oke *may never dye.*
Childs Oke adieu; it grieveth me
To take my last farewell of thee.
I n'er shall see thee more: but I
Will keep thee still in memory:
And think of what thy Death and Fall
Do speak aloud unto us all.
That Greatest strength, even *Heart of Oke,*
Cannot withstand Deaths conquering stroke:
That they which longest live must *Dye:*
And men may Fall, though n'er so *High,*
And n'er so *Good:* while Meanness Stands,
(Shrublike,) unhurt by violent Hands.

Oratrum-

Oratiuncula ad Regiam Majestatem Varvici habita, *Augusti* 20. 1636.

Augustissime Monarcha!

Quàm dilatantur nostra gaudentium corda! quàm discurrit festivus sanguis! quàm exultant lætabundi spiritus! ipsi animi induuntur purpurâ, rubore per ora fuso; & per amplissimos lætitiæ campos spatiantes, libamenta felicitatis futuræ prægustant. Illuminamur scilicet, obscuræ sortis homunculi, auspicatissimo tanti Luminaris adventu: cujus radii oculos nobis præstringunt juxtà ac perficiunt: & in cujus luce Britanniam felicissimè apricantem stupet, non sine invidia, universus orbis. Quò enim terrarum non penetravit fulgor Majestatis Tuæ? quos non occupavit sensus præstantiæ conditionis nostræ? Terra oportet sit Incognita quæ Insulas *nostras, Te imperante,* Fortunatas *nescit. Nam quotusquisque Principum tam Divinitatis particeps? tam ejus imaginem in virtutibus suis exprimit, & subditorum animis imprimendam curat? quotusquisque tam provinciæ suæ invigilat? tam Sibi imperat? tam divini corporis fili & temperamenti, non modò ad Justitiam, sed ad Temperantiam, sed ad Fortitudinem, sed ad Prudentiam,*

sed ad Heroicos animi motus? Et quid ulterius in Principe, omnium virtutum coronâ sic circundato, omnium Gratiarum satellitio sic stipato, cupiamus, nisi ut sit Immortalis? Quin & divini Numinis benignitatem agnoscimus admirabilem, quæ felicitati nostræ hanc indulsit appendicem, ut Phœbum nostrum, simul atque occideris, exoriturum speremus gloriosum in jam oriente & adhuc tenella stirpe. Quæ faxit idem Numen ut tam patrisset, quam humillimis illud precibus fatigamus, ut suis Britannis Majestas Tua quàm dilectissime affulgeat.

Sumus quidem Britanni omnium, quos sol videt, beatissimi Tuo Imperio: sumus & Varvicenses omnium Britannorum, nunc temporis, Tuâ Præsentiâ. Non se suorum oculis subducit (ut moris fuit aliquibus,) Majestas Tua: sed Sui videndi, Sui affandi copiam tam ruri quàm civitati facit: cætera invidendis se non invidet. Neque prodeuntis in publicum vultus (ut olim Dictatoris cujusdam Romani) plebem fugat, sed instar magnetis attrahit. Quà descendis, aut morulam facis, quàm densus spectator! quàm ingens inermium exercitus! qui affectibus Tibi militant, qui Majestatem Tuam obsident, & victa pènè verecundiâ nihil non agunt, quò illius conspectu oculos pascant. In quo certè non minùs sibi gratulantur quàm olim aut Archimedes in deprehenso aurifabri dolo, aut Anaxagoras in consputa soli; quo compensari quicquid perrulerat ærum-

erumnarum judicabat. Te, solem nostrum fulgentissimum, suspicimus, Te veneramur: sunt felicitates nostræ radii Majestatis Tuæ: quibus tam Vestalem honoris & officii flammam in nostris omnium pectoribus accendisti, quam solius rogi est extinguere.

At quas gratiarum victimas Majestati Tuæ immolabimus, quæ servilorum suorum humillimos dignata est beare vivifico conspectu Sui? aut quâ novâ obstetricandi ratione immortalem, quam animo concepimus, & quâ intumescimus, latitiam pariemus? Factus est nobis Augustus, Tuâ præsentiâ, mensium Augustissimus: & hodiernus dies dierum, quos vidimus, omnium Serenissimus. Cujus pompâ, & splendorem Comitum nostrorum obrnente, & antiquitatibus nostris antiquissimis multo nobis antiquiore, superbire si minus liceat, gloriari licet. Et gloriantes quidem omnes cernit Majestas Tua, & præcipuè Tredecimviros. Quorum etiam illi, quibus capita hyems ætatis aut penitus abrasit, aut canis aspersit, quique alterum, ut dicitur, pedem in cymba Charontis habent, vix sibi temperant à tripudio. Plures quidem vitas sibi optant quas pro Majestate Tua, si opus sit, profundant. Illud autem nos omnes dolore non levi afficit, quòd cùm ad pectora nostra Majestati Tuæ exhauriendæ vel amphora non sufficiat, tenuitati nostræ non nisi tantillus iste cyathus superfit. Pauperculum quidem munusculum, sed

gratiarum, sed officii plenum. Quódq; ut Artaxerxes *aquam rustici, si vultu benevolo, placido, sereno, id est, Tuo, accipere digneris, nos Nectare & Ambrosiâ donas. Sospitali Numini quàm ardentissima vota fundimus, ut in tam morbida tempestate Majestatem Tuam sospitet, & primo morbo senectute ultima afficiat.*

Dixi.

A Second Dish. *Jan.* 10. 1647.

Toward the end of the Greek Oration an old Woman brought three Rods into the School, and laid them on the Table: When the Oration was ended, these following verses were spoken.

WHat Hagg is this which hither brings
These terrible tormenting things?
I tremble every joynt to see
Such instruments of cruelty.
They talk of *Quakers* now adaies,
Who in themselves strange Earthquakes raise.
How soon am I become a *Quaker*,
Or at the least a *Button-maker!*
Three Suns were lately seen: that sight
Did not my mind so much affright

As

As these three Rods: which seem to mee
To represent the Furies Three:
And plainly to pronounce *Untruss*,
You must begin the New-year thus.
Your Feasting's past: but you shall find
An heavy reckoning comes behind.
O grievous, boyes, what shall we do?
How shall we scape this Threefold woe?
Let us with all humility
Implore aid from Authority:
Get the * *White Staff* us to release
From the *Black Rod*, and keep the Peace.
And if you think there's too great odds
Against one Staff in three great Rods,
We'l of the *Keyes* this favour crave
To joyn their strength, and so us save.
O worthy *Pretor*, and *Divines*,
Whose goodness like the Sunbeams shines;
Who came to hear our Exercises,
And not to see our *sad Assises*:
Our *Execution* is at hand,
Unless our singulat friends you stand.
If you demand what is our Crime,
We all were loth to lose our Time;
Our antient time of Liberty,
Our long'd for Month of Jubile.

* The Bayliff of *Warwick* walks with a White Staff.

Our Masters resolution was
Still to keep School, but ours *Christmas*.
We will not shew our selves thought we
Guilty of such simplicity.
When other boyes at home do stay,
And sweetly do themselves enjoy,
Shall we be ty'd unto our Books,
And be expos'd to angry looks,
And sit and freeze, and stand in fear
Of bloody Birch and Feruler?
Shall we be cag'd, and others flee,
Be put i'th' pound, and others free?
At other time our School's our glory,
In *Christmas* time our *Purgatory*.
And if we spend this time i'th' School,
Which of us will not prove a fool?
His body present sure his mind
He cannot chuse but leave behind,
And so through many an heavy knock
He will become a *Christmas Block*.
Such thoughts as these our minds possest,
From which we could not be at rest,
Until we had resolv'd upon
Our wonted Relaxation,
About the time that heretofore
We commonly had given ore,
Two Latine and one Greek Oration
Still ushering in this grand Vacation,

Began our absence from this place,
Which only now left *speechless* was.
To shut our Masters out of door
We did as much as they abhorre.
Those boyes are brutes that so abuse
Whom with all reverence they should use.
We fairly left them, and believ'd
Although we had them so deceiv'd,
They needed not to be displeas'd,
Being of their Trouble fairly eas'd;
And knowing how their time t'imploy
In Study, as we ours in Play:
But all our time we have not all
Sported away. These Speeches shall
Which we have spoken for us speak.
They are, we must confess, but weak,
Yet th'are our strength; nor can we go
A further step, our Masters know.
They also know there is not one
Among us all that ought hath done
Since our departure from this place
which doth or them or it disgrace.
Yet loe three mighty Rods upon
The Table, ready to *fall on*,
And of this Christmas so to clear us
That none hereafter need to fear us.
For after so much whipping chear
Who'l live to feast another year?

Right Worshipful, that do supply
The place of *that Great Majesty*
That casteth now so great a Light
Upon the little Isle of Wight:
You that are now as heretofore
Famous for mercy to the Poor;
Providing for them liberally
In times of so great scarcity;
Vouchsafe we pray you to bestead
Poor Scholars in a time of need.
Right Reverend, that the *Keyes* do carry,
O be to us a *Sanctuary.*
If you will speak as you are able;
Our Masters will be exorable:
So that these Rods we hence may take
And a brave Bonefire of them make.
O this would be a gallant sight
To see our Fears turn'd to delight!
Or, if we may not so destroy them,
Our Masters will forbear t'imploy them,
Until some future provocation
Shall call for some sad castigation.
If by your means we may obtain
Either of these, we shall remain
Yours most oblig'd, and shall not cease
To praise the *makers of our Peace.*

On

On the most Execrable Murther of the Best of Kings, our most Gracious Soveraign, Charls I. *Jan.* 30. 1648.

O Sad! an Axe for Ἄναξ! my Soul is wounded
(at His Fall.
O what times are these, when a Crown is made
(but a Football!
O. O. Woe. Woe. ——————

Linguâ tacente ac nescià ulteriùs loqui
Præstent ocelli impensiùs munus suum.

In Horrendam cædem Triumvirorum ter Illustrium, Ducis Hamiltoniæ, Comitis Hollandiæ, & D. Capelli, Martii 9. 1648.

Ultima sit Carolo Regi penultima Jani;
Ultima sed Sceleri non fuit illa dies.
Sævit & in Regni Proceres furibunda securiu.
O cui securo jam licet esse Pio!
Sed Capite abscisso cui non vilescere debent
Cervices? cui non jam supereſſe Grave?

In

In istos quibus nec Januarii tricesimo Dolere, nec Maii nono & vicesimo Lætari libet.

Quem non Atra *dies Jani tricessima torquet;*
Quem non Alba *dies nona & vicesima Maii*
Exhilarat, Summum ille Scelus non odit & horret,
Præsentisq; Dei Summum non sentit Amorem.
Non illi Pietas, non illi Patria cura est, (*mara.*
Displicet Ordo gravis, gratum est Chaos atq; Chi-

PHILEPIS-

PHILEPISCOPUS.

Εἰς τὸν τελευτὸν ἀνδρὸς πολυμαθεστάτου καὶ ἐνδοξοτάτου Ἰωάννου Πριδεαυξίου, τοῦ Ὀυιγορνείων Ἐπισκόπου.

ΧΑΡΑΚΤΗΡ.

ΘΝητὸς ἅπας θνητὸν ποτὲ χρὴ πεσεῖν ἀνάγκη,
Ὥστε μάτην πόθεν τινα τὸν βίον ἄδην ἐπ' ἄτῳ.
Μακροβίης τελέθειν καὶ πολλῷ ἀρείονας ἄλλων
Ἀνέρας ἀγχιθέκτας πολυϊδρίης, ἐπὶ πυθμένα.
Σεμνότατος σοφίῃσι Πριδεαυξίος ἔστετο τοῖος.
Δόξα σοφῶν, καθέδρης θείας μέγα θαῦμα, γοήτων
Ὑλομάνων μαίστωρ, βελλαρμίνοιο μάλιστα.
Τοῦ ἐπισκοπέοντος καὶ ταχέως κυδιανείρου,
Γλωσσῶν ὠκαχέος, Χαρίτων χορὸς, ἄνθεα Μουσῶν.
Ἄλλος Ἀριστοτέλης, ἄλλος Νέστωρ, αὐτὰρ Ἀθήναι,
Ῥήτορα ῥητορίσσης, τοῦθ' ὁ Πριδεαύξιος ἔσκε.
Δὶς τριάκοντα ἔτη σῶον Νόον ἄμμιν ἔχρησεν
Οὐρανίης, ὃ πολλῷ φίλτερον. ὦ ὀλιγοχρόνιος Νοῦς!
Σώματα πολλὰ πάλαι χρονιώτατα, φορτία γαίης.

ΜΙΤΤΙΣ.

ΜΙ' ΞΙΣ.

Πεισιδύξιος τλήτω. ἐντεῦθεν ἰσόρ-
Ἐσθλοῖς ἐώρτο πᾶσι αὐν χαρᾷ μέγας.
Πανθῦσι, πολλῶν φερτάτων αἰτιξίᾳ,
Ὅς ἔστι μεγὰν φασφόρος, εὐφήμησε.
Ἰλαρὸν κὴ εἶσιν, ὅτι νῦν ἔξω βελῶν
Ἦτο ἐν ἐρκυῷ ἀσφαλὴς, φθισίνοος
Καταφρονῶν Ἄρηα, κὴ Κακοδαίμονα
Ἄνδρας συγῦπτα θηρσὶβοῖς κὴ γαμμασι.

Flenda Ecclesia.

Tu mihi flendus obis Prideauxi, *summe virorum*;
Sed neque vel minimùm Tu *mihi flendus obis.*
Te tua cœlestis vexit super æthera virtus,
Et dedit Angelicis dia sedere choris.
Quàm fuit instabilis *Sedes tibi nupera, diris*
Omnia Mavortis concutiente manu:
Tam Felix *nunc est Sedes, ubi gaudia mille*
Circumstant, miserâ nec peritura vice.
Non igitur Tu *flendus; at est* Ecclesia *flenda,*
Eben Thesauro *Te spoliata suo.*
Quàm fuit illa suo felix Te sospite Oculo!
Quàm misera amisso est, & miseranda suis!
Te repetente Polum nobis Oracula cessant:
Nempe fuisti Anglis magnus Apollo *tuis.*
Quis Cathedram asoendet Fidei Defensor, & hostes
Terrifico veluti fulmine sternet humi?

Quis

Quis Romanenſes *contundet, & ora protervis*
Obſtruet Hæreticis natus ad arma pugil?
Ah deſpero Tui ſimilem, Celeberrime: noſtram
Ah triſtem poſthac nil niſi flebo vicem.

Τὸ Ὀφειλόμενον.

Mittite me flentem, lacrymarum deſinit imber:
Credite mœrorem nec ſuperare modum.
Poſtulat immenſum immanis jactura dolorem,
Nec ſinit ingenuas non maduiſſe genas.
Quid niſi noſtra pluant ſic lumina Lumine demto?
Quid niſi cor graviter Corde obeunte gemat?
Pectora non ſilices, *non ſunt mihi lumina* pumex:
Hos ego jam lapides judico grande nefas.
Gratulor *ipſe mihi lacrymas, ſuſpiria, luctum:*
Debita *ſunt Buſtis, Summe vir, illa tuis.*
Nec gaudebo *minùs, ſiquando Eccleſia Mater*
Dixerit, Huic ſimilem (*quod cupio*) *ecce* Patrem.
Infans *Mater erit, vereor, nec* talia *promet;*
Ah unquam *poterit dicier,* Ecce parem?

Montium editiſſimus.

Monticulus nuper, nunc Mons Bredona *videtur,*
Princépſq;, maximuſq; longè montium:
Non modò qui terræ (*quæ ſat monteſa*) Britannæ,
Sed univerſæ ſunt honora Tubera.
Caucaſe, *tu cedis; celſæ vos ceditis* Alpes;
Athóſque *cedit nubifer cum* Caſio.

Scilicet

Scilicet in Sedem, quam culta Vigornia *jactat,*
Annis adhinc qui pauculis se contulit, *
Est jam suppositus † Bredonæ *stelliser* Atlas.
(*Sic jure summus audiat* Prideauxius.)
Hinc facilè montes mons hic *supereminet omnes;*
Nanus Gigante longiùs sic prospicit.
Sic sacer ego locus, sic monte sacratior omni;
Antistes *aut sit montium quàm* Amplissimus.

* *Anno Dom.* 1642. *Maio ineunte.* † *Anno* 1650. *Aug.* 16.

Novus Parnassus.

Non ego Parnassum *posthac in* Phocide *quæram:*
Illi vicinum nec de Helicona *petam.*
Facta viæ tandem cerno compendia longæ:
Bredonam *video: gratior illa mihi.*
Parnassi *est instar mons* hic, Heliconis *& instar;*
Hîc est cum Musis totus Apollo *suis.*
Hîc etenim situs est magnus Predeauxius ille;
Nuper Apollinei gloria magna chori.
Anglia *non alio se plus jactavit Alumno,*
Sit licèt innumerâ prole superba Parens. (*Heros*
Quàm decet Heröem Tumulus mons magnus! *at*
Qui tegitur, Tumulum tollit ad astra *suum.*
Impetus ire mihi est, Montis & dormire sub illo:
Numine, post aliquot Somnia, plenus ero.

Carmina superiora in Prideauxium, τὸν μακαρίτην, *statim ab illius obitu confeci. Quod sequitur autem, anno* 1659 *adjeci, cùm & ista & alia quamplurima,*

ab

ab aliis condita, publici juris se facturum promiserat
vir ornatissimus Johannes Stephanus. Non præstitit
verò, quia & ipse ad plures, prematurè nimis, abiit.
Et jam non superest cui sint ea carmina cura.

Marmor Vocale.

Quæris, viator, quem *tegam tantus lapis?*
Ne quære Quem, *sed* Quot: *tego latissimus*
Omnes Sorores, *quas vocant* Heliconidas.
Obscurior forsan sum: apertius loquar.
Illum en tego Doctissimum Prideauxium,
Episcopum Vigorniæ *Dignissimum.*
Quo plura nemo sciverat mortalium:
Quo nemo plures auxerat scientiâ
Per lustra septem Oxoniæ *Miraculum.*
Quot eruditos linguæ & artes adsolent
Ornare, plena tot audiit Systemata:
Simúlq; Sacræ Regium *Theologiæ*
Syntagma, *quale nulla posteritas dabit.*
Didicisse cuncta *credo quæ disci queant.*
At omnium perfectiùs didicit nihil
Quàm Christianè quàm fortissimè pati
Non Christiana: quod quidem didicit senex
Docuitq; cunctos, mente dum magnâ *tulit*
Injurias, quas intulit rapax manus:
Latumus æquè fortiter dispendium
Vitæ ipsius, si postulavisset Fides:
Ut Latimerus *ille Martyr inclytus:*

Quem

Quem & habuit alma Præsulem Vigornia.
Fidem saluti uterq́, longè pratulit.
Haud impares & Protomysta nuperi,
Mortonus, Hallus, Davenantius, Cokus,
Potterus, & Brunriggus, & Bedellius,
Usseriúsque Hiberniæ *Primas suæ,*
Aliiq́, quos procella prostravit gravis,
Et Sedibus spoliavit heu prorsus suis.
Bellona quid non impii patrat ferox!
Non chara cuipiam ex iis aquè fuit
Vitalis aura (quâ tamen quid amœnius?)
Ac sacrosancta veritas & religio.
In his tuendis perdidissent centies
Vitam libenter singuli: tyrannidis
Nihil morati fulminantem dexteram,
Nil flagra, carceres, cruces, flammas, rotas.
Et jam Columnas maximas *Ecclesiæ*
Episcopos *fuisse quis negaverit?*
Quis non ruinæ sentit esse proximam
Ex quo ruebant ejus hac fulcimina?
Quid Hæresis non ausa? quid non Schismata?
Blasphemiarum quæ vagantur agmina!
Frænâsset *hæc Episcopatus omnia.*
Jam dira monstra quis domabit Hercules?
Sanabit ô quæ jam peritior manus
Ecclesiæ periclitantis vulnera?
Sed reprimo me, non nescius quòd sim lapis.
(Lapidi at querelas hæc suas mala exprimant.)

Et te, viator, paucùlis pergam alloqui.
En Gratias, en Gratias Omnes *tego.*
Non splendet unquam stellulis Cœlum magis
Quàm splenduit virtutibus Prideauxius:
Illisque primæ (*crede*) magnitudinis.
Non me madentem *jam vides, sicut solent*
Lapides subinde. In posterum si videris,
Præ gaudio *lacrymas scias me effundere;*
Quòd tam Colendum *contigit mihi cùndere*
Antistitem, Tantum Virum, *seu verius*
Tantum Virorum; *Ecclesiæ summum decus,*
Mortale Numen sempiterni Nominis.
Quòd Magna de me sentiam, & superbiam,
Et glorier, quis esse jam non dixerit?
Cave, viator, me, licèt Tantum, Colas.
Nil vendito, nil vendico Lapidem supra.
Simul procaces me pedes temerent *cave;*
Non memet ulpiam est lapis Pretiosior.
Magnum memineris quòd tegam Prideauxium:
Virum per Orbem scilicet Celeberrimum
Et Sanctitatis *nomine &* Scientiæ;
Novem Sorores *cum* Sororibus Tribus.

The Bishop of Worcesters *Visitation.* 1662.

WHen Bishop *Gauden* was about to go
A *Visiting*, * the *Bishop of Souls* said, No;

* He appointed a Visitation at *Eversham, Sept.* 22. at *Stratford, Sept.* 24.

My purpose is to Visit in thy stead,
And All thy Diocese in *Thee its Head.*
Then with a *Stone* * gave him a *dreadful Blow*;
And for his *Cure* bade him to *Heaven* go.
Sad *Worcester* lamenteth to a wonder:
Esteeming this her Loss a *second Plunder.*
The Orphan-Clergy with *Elisha* cryes
My Father, my dear Father from us flyes.
Yea his *whole* flock accounteth the *Translation*
Of this rare Bishop a *sore Visitation.*

* He died of the Stone, Sept. 21.

On the Book of Common Prayer, by whom and when compiled.

CRanmer, Skip, Goodrick, Thirlby, Holbeck, Day,
Ridley, Cox, Redman, Taylour, Heins & May,
With *Robinson*, these *Tredecimviri*
Compilers were of our Church-Liturgy.
In the Sixth *Edward*'s third the month of May
Produc'd this Flower, and fill'd the Land with Joy.
'Twas *Fresh* and *Fragrant* then: *Old* now it is;
And yet it still retains its *Fragrancies.*
These Prayers, like *Incense* will acceptance find,
If they be offered with an *Holy Mind.*

PHILO-

PHILOPHILUS.

1. Viro ornatiſſimo, Medico clariſſimo, D. *Edvardo Wagſtaffo, Stratfordienſi.*

Conſiliis parendo tuis (vir ſumme) fugavi
Terrificum, qui me nuper devicerat, hoſtem.
Vena mihi ſecta eſt, clyſter injectus, hirudo
Admota eſt, & quæ voluiſti cætera facta.
Hinc propè convalui. Quòd ſi mens ſana *fuiſſet,*
Næ penitus multo mihi vires antè redîſſent.
Bis *ſua jam fermè complevit cornua* Phœbe,
Ex quo creſcentem *cupiens* firmare *ſalutem,*
Me crebrò in campos, Jove frigidiore, *recepi;*
Scalâq, appoſitâ decerpſi ex arbore poma:
Atq, alia imprudens feci; unde illa ſecuta eſt
Debilitas, *quæ me tantùm non clauſerat urnâ.*
At rurſum emerſi. Vires & ſpero futuras
Eſſe brevi tantas, ut te, Chariſſime, viſam.
Interea Edvardus Wagſtaffo *mille ſalutes*
Dicat, & à nobis illi quæ debita ſolvat.

2. *To his Worthy Friend Mr.* Edward Wagſtaff.

SIR! next my Maker, I acknowledge *You*
Are *He*, to whom my greateſt thanks are due.
My *health* was *fled*, my *life* was *taking wing*:
Your Art *this* ſtayed, *the other* back did bring.
Your *Merit* being *ſuch*, and you being bleſt,
I make no doubt, with *Galens weighteſt Cheſt*,
Who will not think't *abſurd*, and *to no boot*,
As a *reward*, to ſend you an *Old Suit*?
Yet this I do: not doubting but you may
With *credit* wear it to your dying day:
And after you your *Heir*, though he ſhould be
A perſon of *ſublimeſt* dignity.
A Suit of *Edward*, that *rare King*, to wear
May thoſe become that move i'th' *higheſt ſphere*.

3. Fratri Chariſſimo, D. *Guil. Du Gardo*, Schol. Mercatorum Sciſſorum apud Londinenſes Moderatori. 1653.

QUæ *benè* Guſtavi *menſam decuiſſet* Adolphi,
Ad nos miſiſti Magnificam Artocream.
Ingentes *agimus* tanto *pro munere grates*.
Ah dolet haſce tuas poſſe perire *dapes*.

Si

Si coquus Artocream nôsset struxisse perennem,
O mensa nostra gloria quanta *foret!* (gem
Vive, vale, & Reducem *cùm afflicta* Britannia Re-
(*Quod non desspero*) *viderit, atq;* Deum:
(*Nam* Deus *à nobis* dulci cum Pace *recessit*:
Has illi pœnas turba proterva *damus.*)
Mensa epulaturo quò sit mihi lautior, *atq;*
Lætior, *Artocream tu mihi mitte Novam.*

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4. Viro Ornatiss. affini chariss. D. *Joh. Trappo*, Westoniæ Ministro. 1653.

NUmidicis avibus, *pergrato munere, conjux*
Donavit olim conjugem meam tua.
Nunc mea, cujus amor voluit majora, reponit
Junonias aves, *marem unà & fœminam.*
Si grata fuerint, quantum Pavo iste superbit,
Illa efferetur gaudio, *simúlq; ego.*

---

5. Viro ornatiss. D. *Nicolao Camerario.* 1655.

QUum *mea Malatibi* mala *non videantur*, at *esse*
Te meliora neges, Camerari, *hæc pauncula mitto.*
Si tria, tosta probè, *lectum libet esse petenti.*
Ventriculo illa tuo percommoda credo futura.
Parcior *esse cave: quum corbem absumseris istum,*

Est mihi sæpe novum qui suppeditabit acervus.
Noctibus hybernis quantum sufficerit addam,
Si jam missa tibi tu senseris esse saluti.
Quantum mente *vales, tantum, dilecte, valebis*
Corpore, *si poterunt mea mala & vota valere.*

---

6. Eidem. 1656.

Quare tibi uxorem quæ sit pia, pulchra, pudica,
Provida, verborum parca, & parere parata.
Quaris ubi Dos *sit? visum est mihi dotis* abundè,
Si tot *sint dotes. Comitem tamen* alma crumena
Si sese obtulerit, lætus cape. Namq; bonorum
Fit tanto melior *quanto sit* major *acervus.*

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7. Juveni, quando vellem uxorem duceret roganti. 1658.

Cum quatuor lustris octo sociaveris annos,
Si libet uxorem ducere, amice, licet.
Sit ter septennis *quam vis tibi jungere virgo;*
Sit par, *sit* prudens, præcipuéque pia.
Hæc tibi filiolos alternis *procreet annis*
Per quatuor *si non sint* tria *lustra satis.*

8. Perdilecto

8. Perdilecto Affini, filióque luſtrico, D. *Johan. Trappo, Albeccleſiæ* Rectori. 1659.

Conjugium meditans plerumq; *Scholaſtica turba,*
Si genus & ſpecies *adſint, nil cætera curat.*
Tu melius, *fili, ſapias, tibi virgo petatur*
Cui ſint omnigenæ *dotes te conjuge dignæ:*
Ut genus & ſpecies, *ità mens pia, dextera ſoleis,*
Frugi ſedulitas, candor, morumquè venuſtas:
Atq; alia his ſimiles. Dotem poſtrema *putetur,*
Sit licet haud paucis aut prima *aut* ſola, *metallum.*
Sit comes hæc reliquis. Alias hæc ſplendida *dotes*
Eximiè ſplendere facit; lauta *omnia donat*;
Et mala conjugii (*nam ſunt mala*) mollia *reddit:*
Ut minimè pigeat thalamum ſubiiſſe jugalem.

9. Viro amiciſſimo, D. *Joh. Harpero*, Cubbingtoniæ Miniſtro. 1659.

Pertimeo veterem, necnon propè ſentio morbum.
Pharmaca mitte, precor, Pharmacopœe ſacer?
Nec donata mihi cupio ſed vendita mittas.
Quidni ſis etiam Pharmacopola ſacer?
Eſſe tamen vennis; ſat habeis feciſſe benignè,
Atq; graves morbos arte fugâſſe tuâ.

Sat patet hinc menti quantum tua distet avaræ.
At nè plus nimio distet, amice, cave.
Qua prosunt aliis tua fac tibi pharmaca prosint.
Sin donare velis, dona referre licet.

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10. Viro ornatissimo D. *Guil. Martino*, Scholæ regiæ apud *Varvicenses* Moderatori. *Jan.* 16. 1660.

QVi Literas tibi tradit has, è filiis
Minor est meis, angere qui gregem tuum,
Vt angeatur ipse literis, cupit.
Ascribe quæso tuis, & excole gnaviter,
Ecclesiæ olim forsan haud inutilem.
Periit misello temporis nuper nimis,
Musis (ineptus) quidlibet dum prætulit.
Quod serio tandem, velut par est, dolet,
Ambitque rursus virgines illas sacras,
Te præsidem, te deligens Apollinem:
Quod gratiorem fortean reddet tibi,
Aliquantulúmq, calcar ac animos dabit.
Nec tibi peribit opera, quippe sentiet
Nec filium fungum, *nec* ingratum *patrem.*
Ignosce quæso Literas quod miserim.
Adire debuisse nos sum nescius.
At otium non est: erit spero brevi.
Brevi te adibo, nisi Deus mihi abnuat.

Nam

Nam te videre, téq; gestio alloqui,
Quo nemo quispiam est tui studiosior.

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11. D. *Rich. Venoro*, Symmystæ venerando. 1660.

Terra licèt madeat, si cœlum haud fuderit imbres,
Cras adero sacri sparsurus semina verbi.
At si manè pluat noli expectare Du-Gardum:
Qui graviter passus tandem formido saluti.
Munus hoc invenies aliàs præstare paratum.

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12. Amico integerrimo D. *Thomæ Glovero*, Hospitii apud *Varvicenses* Magistro, nec non Ecclesiæ *S. Nicolai* apud eosdem Pastori. 1660.

Quem mihi dixisti de vita & morte Lutheri
Esse tibi verterem, mittas mihi quæso libellum.
Toxophilum Aschami, *necnon & opuscula* Carri
Posthuma, siqua habeas; Humfredi *deniq; siqua,*
Aut etiam Hollandi (*fuit hic, fuit ille Cathedræ*
Grande decus *sacræ*) *pariter peto, lecta remittam*;
Et tibi par referam, lectissima nostra paratus,
Quandocunq; voles, dare mutuò, vive valéq;.

13. Viro

13. Viro dignissimo D. *Jacobo Prescoto.* 1660.

HAs tibi Literulas qui tradidit, ora pudore
Suffusum cernis. Graviter peccâsse fatetur,
Et pœnas meruisse graves. Quas (credere fas est)
Non tam formidat, quàm culpam damnat & odit.
Huic igitur misero veniæ spes nulla superstit?
Spem superesse liquet, quia se tibi supplice voto
Advolvit, veniámq; orat, simul impetrat à me (tui
Chartam hanc: quam facilis solito precor accipe vul-
Et da quod petimus, veniam commissa dolenti.
Quò dare nè dubites, noxa hac est prima, *nec antè*
Hoc juvenum integrior quisquam, nec amantior æqui.
Hinc adamaverunt omnes impensiùs illum:
Hinc Veteratoris, qui carceris incola tandem est,
Fraudibus illectum doluere impensiùs omnes.
Queis condonatæ pariter gratissima culpæ
Fama erit, & charum tua te clementia reddet.
Neve iteratnrum *metuas hoc crimen, ego ausim*
Hoc spondere tibi: Non insidiabitur unquam
Cuniculis posthac. Securas esse licebit
Hisce feris; erit huic vilissima gratior esca.

Viro

14. Viro admodùm reverendo. D. *Johanni Lee*, Solihulliæ Rectori. Mar. 22. 1660.

QVos tibi promiſi, Clariſſime, mitto libellos.
Poſt tres hebdomadas quæſo remitte mihi.
Et tua nè ceſſes celeri committere Prelo
Scripta; nimis ſanè quæ latuere diu.
Ede; nihil dubitans Carolo *gratiſſima Regi,*
Necnon & cunctis illa futura Piis.
Et tibi tot Regum tutanti nomina, * *nomen*
Quantum *erit! ex calamo laus fluet illa tuo:*
Hic Defenſorum Fidei defenſor, hic ille eſt
Ille ſenex Philanax, hic Pius ille ſenex.

* Scripſit vir eruditiſſimus Vindicias Regum, Jacobi, Caroli 1. et 2.

15. Viro Ornatiſſimo, D. *Samueli Franklando*, Archididaſcalo Coventrienſi. 1661.

POſt habuiſſe tuo mea magna negotio Ludo (*veris.*
Stat, modò Quadrupedem *mihi ne miſiſſe gra-*
Namq; mihi non eſt, etiam conducere non eſt
Qui bene ſeſſori placeat. Mens ille nigellus,
Quem nôſti, generoſus *erat. Sed vendere viſum eſt,*
Quòd minor, *atq;* Pari ſeſſorum *eſt creditus* impar.
Majorem *emturio; per rus indago, per urbem:*
Nacturúmq; brevi qualem deſidero ſpes eſt.

Tu

Tu mihi mitte meâ qui me sine conjuge solum
Afferat. Illa valet, teq; uxoremq; salutat.

Eidem. Julii 11. 1663.

AD plures abeunte tuâ jam Conjuge, luctus
In nimios *animum solvis*, Franklande. *Dolori*
Pone modum, *gemitus cohibe, pia lumina terge.*
Nil tibi, nil illi lacrymarum flumina *prosint.*
Nec laribus te conde tuis; jam laxior æquo
Nè dolor augescat clausus. *Te confer in urbem:*
Cui decus es magnum, lenisq; gravisq; *Scholarcha:*
Qui pubem innumeram Musis & Moribus *ornas.*
Civibus hinc istis meritò charissimus *audis.*
Fac illos adeas quoties à Munere duro
(In quo Sedulitas magnæ tibi maxima laudi est)
Otia contigerint, & quæ solatia tristi
Obtulerint, alacer capias; monituq; fideles,
Quos simul addiderint, procul absit, amice recuses.
Illorum nemo est qui non tibi promserit ista.
Non est quod doleas, *est quod* læteris, *adem tâ*
Jam tandem Consorte tibi: Cœlestibus illam
Misceri, pia *cùm fuerit, dubitare quis ausit?*
Ociùs *& superas hinc si migrâsset ad ædes,*
Quis neget impensè *cur* lætarere *fuisse?*
Illa etenim morbis plures detrita per annos,
Et cathedræ lectôque affixa, sibiq; suisq;

Facta

Facta gravis, *non* viva *fuit sed* mortua *Conjux.*
Viva Cadaver *erat: quod nec* sepelire *licebat.*
An jucunda tibi afflictâ *sic Conjuge vita?*
Non tigris *tibi mater erat, neq;* Cornea fibra *est.*
Gaudia *semper erant, ut par,* communia *utrique:*
Atq; Dolor communis *erat. Nunquam illa gemebat*
Sola: tuum *pariter pectus dolor illius hausit.*
Et tu talis *eras* viduus quale *illa* cadaver.
Infelix *viduus: viduo* infelicior *omni,*
Quòd simul & Conjux: *ut non* iterare *liceret*
Connubium sanctum, vivâque *uxore beari.*
Nunc *iterare licet: tibi nunc nova gaudia quære.*
Dulcis Hymen, Hymenæe, o Hymen, o Hymenæe,
Ingemina, & thalami maturè *damna resarci.*
Nil ego contulerim placita *cum Conjuge quidquam,*
Quæ parit huic miseræ solatia maxima vitæ.
Tu, quia te cingit virtutum tanta corona,
Et tua te Conjux tam mirè *sensit amantem,*
Et tum præcipuè, cùm vixit mortua, *sensit,*
Invenies facilè tibi quæ velit esse marita.
At vix invenies quæ sit te *Conjuge* digna.
Quære tamen positâ lugubri veste Secundam,
Inventámque tibi numen cœleste secundet.
Talia Dicturos quosvis existimo Cives,
Queis ego me socio, dictisq; hæc insuper addo.
Ut viduam Cœlebs *duxisti incautior olim,*
Atq; senescentem juvenis: *jam suadeo nubat*
Virgo senescenti viduo. Sed virginis ætas

Nolo

Nolo tuæ nimiùm *distet.* Bis quatuor *annis*
Aut bis quinque *sat est si tu præcesseris illam.*
Nè nimius videar, Postrema attentior audi:
Quæ Prima, & meritò Commendatissima duco.
Hæ tibi nupturâ fac sint in virgine dotes:
Sit genus & species, sit mens pia, dextera soleis,
Frons hilaris, vox blanda, pudor, morumq; venustas.
Octo *his accedat par est &* nona, *Crumena.*
Si tua sic numerum Musarum *impleverit uxor,*
Plus ego te novies *dicam*, Franklande, *beatum.*
Vive, vale; & simulac sese renovaverit annus,
Scribe mihi Tedas *& te renovâsse* jugales.
Interea Nostris, sicut Vocalibus, *ipsis*
Sic etiam Mutis, *à me dic quæso salutem.*

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17. Viro ornatissimo, D. G. Martino, Archididascalo Varvicensi. *Augusti* 20. 1663.

QVi modò Franklandum *sum consolatus amicum,*
Plus satis extinctâ lacrymantem uxore, dolenti
Jam, Martine, *tibi mœrens hæc paucula mitto,*
Queis & te relevem, nostrum & tibi tester amorem.
Non dolor ille tuus tuus est solius; *&* urbem
Contristat totam *grave & irreparabile damnum*
Quod tibi sic animum, tibi sic affligit ocellos,
Atq; tibi gemitus sic exprimit atq; querelas.
Rus etiam peragrat; nec quenquam è stipite *natum*

Aut

Aut ſcopulo *offendit. Vox hæc*, Martina, *mariti*
Grande decus columénq; ſui, ſoboliſq; tenellæ,
Et quâ non fuerat præſtantior altera conjux,
Et quâ non fuerat præſtantior altera mater,
Undecimum *fœtum ſimulatq; enixa fuiſſet,*
Victa puerperii gravis, ehen victa, labore
E vita exceſſit. Vox hæc, quorum attigit aures,
Reddidit attonitas ſimul atrociſſima mentes;
Præcipuéque meam. Sortem miſeratur acerbam
Me magè nemo tuam viduati Conjuge dulci,
Undenæ *ſoboliſq;* Piâ *jam* Matre *carentis.*
Cujus cura tuo jam pectore volvitur ano,
Grande onus, atq; humeris compar utrinſq; parentis.
Nec ſanè doluiſſe queat me veriùs alter;
Elapſi nondum quum ſint bis quatuor anni
Ex quo ſorte pari, *pertriſti ah ſorte, premebar.*
Namque mihi periit meritò chariſſima Conjux,
Filioliſqué meis merito chariſſima Mater;
Fœmina, quâ nunquam cumulatior altera laude
Omnibus una fuit vox, Eſt hæc fœmina phœnix.
Hâc mihi, bis denos quum mecum exegerat annos,
Ereptâ, quàm triſte *fuit mihi vivere! vita*
Sic vitâ fugiente, Mori quàm dulce *fuiſſet!*
Quodcunque aſpexi, meumet quocunque recepi,
Omnia ſunt Tenebræ, ſunt omnia Somnia viſa.
Umbra *mihi quoties, quoties* exangue cadaver
Viſus eram, cæcis & tradita vermibus eſca!
O mihi quàm placui ſic viſus! ut omnia vita
Deſpexi!

Despixi! ut timui nè vitâ aliquando rediret,
Ni simul & Conjux, Conjux mea vitâ, rediret!
Sic ego despui: pudet hen meminisse doloris
Immodici, tacitis qui me propè junxerat umbris.
Illo imbecillas & adhuc mihi sentio vires:
Atq; magis firmas penitus despero futuras.
Hæc memoro, ut damnis monitus, charissime, nostris,
Maturè caveas, nec tradens luctui habenas
Abripiare, mei similis: qui, serò reversus,
Serò nimis doleo me succubuisse dolori.
Scire velis animum mihi quid sanaverit agrum,
Et veteri miserè palantem sede locârit?
Commemorabo libens. Hæc sum mihi verba locutus.
Ah quid, inepte, facis? Luctu quid inanius isto?
An poterunt lacrymæ, questus, suspiria, planctus,
Vel revocare tibi uxorem rursusq; beatum
Reddere te, vel ei quicquam prodesse sepultæ?
Luxeris incassum, siquidem ploratibus ægris
Nec minùs ipse miser, nec sit felicior illa.
Sed Vanum esse parum est: quid luctu insanius isto?
Quin furor est etenim postquam te Conjuge Cœlum
Dilectâ orbarit, temerè te velle tuósque
Perdere? sicq; magis divinum Numen ad iram
Irritare, feras quòd iniquâ hoc mente flagellum?
Missos fac luctus, atque incipe sanior esse.
Posce Deum supplex veniam: nè forsitan illo
Quo jam castigat, graviori fulminet ictu.
Nec Grates desint: meritas etiam adjice Grates.

Quan-

Quantum illi debes, primùm *quòd Conjnge tali*
Te sit dignatus: dein, *quòd non* ociùs *illam*
Indigno abstulerit! Reputa te Numinis iram
Commeruisse gravem: graviúsq; Admissa *dolenda*
Quàm tua Damna *tibi. Jacturam Conjugis* imbre,
Imbre levi *excipias: Culpæ vel* flumina *poscunt.*
Scilicet hinc *miseris mortalibus omnia* Amara
Tanquam à fonte fluunt: hinc *est quòd* Dulcia *perdant;*
Hinc *amissa tibi nunc est* Dulcissima Conjux.
Hanc autem quoties amissam cogitat, ædes
Mens tua Cœlestes & cogitet: altiùs urnâ,
Quæ capit Exuvias tantùm, se tollat opertet.
Sancta Anima, *his positis, ædes properavit ad illas;*
Jamq; Beata tui *curam non exuit omnem.*
Nam sibi Consortem *rursus te sperat & optat.*
Sic vitam instituas ut quos mors illius *atra*
Jam dirimit, tua *mors iterum gratissima* jungat.
Sedulus interea qua pignora parva reliquit
Excole, quò referant olim suavissima Matrem.
Horum ergò sit Chara tibi tua vita salúsque
Convenit: his in te spes omnis vertitur uno:
Si non cura tui, *teneros at respice* Natos.
Sic etiam in Matrem gratus testeris Amorem.
Denique fac Alacer Spartam pro viribus ornes,
Sacra Gregi pandens divini Oracula Verbi:
Et jam præteritis *monitus, tibi quæque* futura
Ultra quàm satis *est caveas* Adversa *dolere.*
Nec tantùm Modicè Doleas, *sed Tristia quæque,*

Quæ paſſus fueris, ut ſint tibi Pharmaca *curet;*
Pharmaca, queis animus, vitiorum fœce levatus,
Surgat humo, & ſpretis ſapiat Cœleſtia terris.
Sic decuit feciſſe priùs. Nunc *incipe ſaltem*
Eſſe Malis Melior, *nunc Damnum vertere Lucro,*
Nunc Tenebris Lucem, Terriſque educere Cœlum.
Hoc demum Sapere eſt: hac te ſapientia ducat.
His ego reſtitui me tandem, his Nube fugatâ
Ad ſe mens rediens facta eſt, velut antè, Serena.
Forſan in his aliquid, Martine, *inveneris, ipſi*
Quod tibi conveniat. Sin, me prudentior, ullis
Haud egeas monitis: ſi non intenſiùs æquo
Plores: ſi placidâ *divina verbera dextra*
Mente feras: ſupra ſi ſydera mente feraris,
Conjugem ibi dulcem cernens: ſi plurima lecti
Non magè ſolicitum quàm par eſt *Pignora reddant:*
Si quanta fuerint cura Matrique tibique,
Tanta ea Cœleſti credas fore ſingula Patri,
(*Illum quippe Patrem, qui* Cœli quaſque volucres,
Atq; minora etiam quæcunq; animalcula paſcat,
Nolle deeſſe ſui veris Cultoribus unquam:)
Si naves operam tuæ quò chariſſima proles
(*Icon viva ſuæ toties repetita Parentis,*)
A teneris *Summum veneretur ritè Parentem*
Unguiculis, *totamq; Illi ſe conſecret Uni:*
Si quod volviſti magna cum laude tot annos
Acer hoc ac Alacer pergas grave volvere Saxum:
Si quo Fluxa magis quævis mortalia ſentis

Hoc

Hoc minùs his fidas, atq; ad Cœleſtia tendas:
'Deniq; (nè nimium pariat tibi tadia Carmen,
Et non ſolator ſed ſim nova cauſa doloris:)
Si præſtanda tibi qua nôris cætera præſtes:
Non tamen hanc operam calami aſpernabere noſtri:
Sed benè Martino *credes voluiſſe* Du Gardum:
Qui benè Martinum *novit benè velle* Du Gardo.

---

18. Viro Ornatiſs. D. Johanni Rogerio, Hamtoniæ-Epiſcoporum Rectori. 1663.

Implicis ecce tibi mentis, Chariſſime, pignus,
Cydoniorum *fructuum Pentas duplex.*
Non pro more *illam mitto, ſed* amore, *precatus*
Tibi, tuæq;, parvuliſq; ſerpetim
Sic validas vires, ut fulcra & pharmaca lati
Et vividi ſpernatis omnes omnia.
Uxori, matriq; piæ, cum fratribus oro
Dicere ſalutem nè graveris plurimam.
Quos fratres vin' ſcire velim? Watſúmq; Fabrúmq;
Cum Ruddio: *non frater eſt nunc* Ruddius?
Eſſe reor; dignumq; reor vel conjuge ſummâ:
Tuam & ſororem Ruddio *dignam viro.*

19. Viro Ornatiſs. D. *Matthæo Huntero, Nuboldiæ* Paſtori. 1663.

MAla tibi, bona *mala tibi, mala* aurea *mitto,*
Aurea mala decem : *conſule mala boni.*
Fac Huntere *tunm pergas redamare* Du Gardum,
Qui te, nè dubita, pergit amare : vale.

20. Viro Ornatiſs. D. Guil. Dolitlo, Waſpertoniæ Miniſtro. Feb. 20. 1657.

EMta ſibi, verum mihi ſi virgunncula narret,
A me mala cupit tua dilectiſſima conjux.
Vendere nulla mihi eſt moris : neq; multa ſuperſunt.
(Parcior Auctumnus ſolito dare multa negabat.)
Nolo tamen teneræ ſint conjugis irrita vota.
Idcirco è paucis hæc illi paucula mitto.
Plura quidem vellem, ſed magna modeſtia parvi
Hujus corbiculi plura hinc auferre recuſat.
Conſuluiſſe boni uxorem, uxoriq; ſalutem
Te verbis dixiſſe meis Emiſſe putabo.

21. N. N.

21. N. N. rationem auditorum famæque minùs habenti.

Rure tuo poteris quidvis proferre lequique.
Ad Mariam *veniens facturus verba coronæ*
Doctorum, haud fas eſt quævis incondita *fundas.*
Huc afferre decet Muſis & Apolline *digna:*
Unde tibi & nomen ſurgat. Sin ſpreveris Aures
Sordidulus noſtras, vertes in ſpicula Linguas.

22. Viro Ornatiſs. D. *Sam. Franklando,* νεογάμῳ καὶ δευτερογάμῳ. Feb. 18. 1663.

Uxor, amice, tibi, non eſt inventa, reperta eſt;
Tuis reperta in ædibus.
Quò Deus, *ex latere* Adami *qui condidit* Evam,
(*Ille Altiùs cùm dormiit,*)
Addidit & Sociam, ut traducere molliùs ævum
Poſſet, & alacriter magìs:
Ducendam tibi (*nil meditanti tale, velútq;*
Sopore vincto) adduxerat.
Quæſivere diu fruſtrà *connubia multi,*
Primis ſoluti vinculis.
Invenere alii facilè *nova gaudia: verùm*
Perpauculis pòſt menſibus

Mel in fel versum est, in tristes oscula questus,
Trusere amorem jurgia.
At tibi *suppetiit proprio ex lare virgo, resarcit*
Quæ damna jam lecti tui;
Et nil fellis habet, rixandi nescia, grata
Cultrix quietis sedula;
Atq; sui similis semper mansura, placendi
Studiosior Domino suo.
Moribus *illa tuis nupsit, præstare parata*
Simulatq; jussa acceperit.
Te novit nil velle mali, nil nolle quod unquam
Tibi recta ratio suaserit.
Felix illa viro, felix tu conjuge: utriq;
Lectum jugalem gratulor.
Sunt illi Primæ, *tibi nuptia, amice,* Secundæ:
Tamen fore Secundissimas
Auguror ambobus. Tibi nam Catharina *videtur*
Regina *quod Regi suo.*
Tuq; illi pariter (summóq; id jure) videris
Quod Conjugi Princeps *tua.*

2. *An Epitaph on the truly pious, learned, humble, peaceable, charitable, faithful Pastor of* Waves-Wotton, *in* Warwickshire, *Mr.* George Dunscomb, *who dyed* Septemb. 12. 1652.

Here lyeth Mr. *George Dunscomb*,
HIS Peoples joy, the Clergies Glass.
His Life a lively Preacher was.
A Life as spotless as the Sun.
O that his sand had longer run.
But such a Soul, so pure, so good,
As if the first man still had stood,
Or falling as he did, had done
No Prejudice to this his son,
Except in this alone that He
Must fill a Grave as well as we:
Such a rais'd Soul much fitter was
For Heaven then a lower place.
And if to Heaven he had gone
Like *Enoch*, by Translation,
Or in such State had thither rid
As the Seraphical Prophet did,
This Honour none had thought too high
For Grace of such sublimity.

23. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Roger Kimberley, *Paſtor of* Kinvar *in* Staffordſhire, *who dyed in* Septemb. 1658.

INterr'd with Great and General Grief here lye
The ſad Remains of *Roger Kimberley*;
This Churches *ſhining light:* whoſe *raiſed Parts*,
Adorned much with Languages and Arts,
Were laid out to the *utmoſt* that he might
Poor ſinners turn from darkneſs unto Light:
And unto Light *add* Light, untill the *Span*
Or *Babe* of Grace were grown a *Perfect Man*.
He wrought apace, his work was quickly done:
He hath his *Wages*, a Celeſtial *Crown*.

24. *To his deareſt friend, Mrs.* Mary Huggeford, *with the Authors book called* The Change, or the Blind Eye opened. *Decemb.* 28. 1659.

MY Dear! would not you think it ſtrange
If you ſhould find in me a *Change*,
After Profeſſion made by me
Of trueſt Love and Conſtancy?
Yet certainly I *Changed* am,
And yet as certainly am *the ſame*.

That

That so I be most fit it is,
Changed, *Unchanged*, *That* and *This*.
Were I *not* Changed, cause of woe
There would be great to me and you.
And *were* I Changed, no small shame
Might justly fasten on my Name.
Changed, and yet *Unchanged!* you
Will muse how both these can be true.
Read on, I pray, and you shall see
In them no inconsistency.

That I am *Changed*, this small Book,
Called the Change, on which you look,
And which may be a Looking-glass,
To view the Heart in, not the Face,
Will probably to you declare,
When you with it acquainted are.
You will not easily judge that He
Which made it, is Himself Change-free:
To what my Book will of me say
This I can add, with Truth and Joy.
Our blessed Lord, both God and Man,
The pretious Souls Physitian,
Pitying my woful Cecitie,
Touched my eyes, and made me see.
Twice seventeen years ago almost
I saw my self utterly Lost
Without a Christ, and earnestly
Did to him for Salvation cry.

He

He graciously inclin'd his Ear,
And spake unto me not to fear,
For he to seek and save such came
As truly did believe in's Name.
Now I believe I so believ'd,
Because for Sin, as Sin, I griev'd:
And found my self much altered,
Like Lazarus *raised from the Dead:*
And Lov'd Christ for Himself alone,
Despising even Salvation
Compar'd with Him: whose shining Face
Would make even Hell a pleasant place:
And willing was to be, and do,
And suffer all he called me to:
Displeased with my self when I
Displeas'd Him through infirmity.
Thus heretofore it was with me:
Thus 'tis, and still I trust will be.
Thus I am changed. This I prize
Above all earthly Monarchies.
Now that I am *Unchanged* too,
Desire you that I likewise shew?
I do presume you do, and I
Desire to do't effectually.
Verbal expressions are but weak;
Realities do strongly speak.
Yet words use actions to forerun,
As *Phosphorus* doth the morning Sun;

And

nd are acceptable till there be
r more an opportunity:
s silver *Cynthia* satisfies
ll golden *Phebus* can arise.
y this time you perceive, I know,
m Unchanged toward you.
nd reason good I should so be,
nce cause of Change I none can see.
You *Changed* are no less than I.
Mary had no less Sanctity
han *Thomas*.) This is in my eyes
he Queen of Amabilities;
Which, with the lovely Train I saw,
y best Respects did to you draw.
hese you were pleas'd (which pleas'd me much)
Vell to accept, and shew me such.
You are *Unchanged* too, like me,
Delighting in Stability.
elieve it then until the fire
hat's kindled in you shall expire,
mean your Love to Christ and me,
Which I believe will never be)
will be easier to remove
A mighty Mountain than my Love.
ly Heart is constantly with you.
will be shortly with you too.
Mean time, this First-born of my Brain,
The Change, I pray you entertain.

Let it be often in your Eye,
And let it in your Bosome lye.
Count it your near Relation,
And call it if you please your Son.
Though such a *Dwarf* you see it now,
It may hereafter *bigger* grow.
And might ere now have bigger been,
Had not our Land sad Changes seen.
What it may further see none knows
But God alone, who Scorpions owes
To daring Sinners that delight
In changing noon-day into night.
Farewell my Dear, and pray that we
May for all Changes fitted be.
Farewell again my deareſt Dear,
God grant you many a good New year.

Griff-Lane.

GRiff! * thy *Long Lane* to me moſt *Grievous* (was;
Being ſo *deep* that I could *hardly* paſs.
I every moment fear'd a woful fall:
And travelling to a *Friends Funeral*, (*Griff*
Thought, ſure *mine own's* at hand: this Lane of
For ought I ſee, is longer than my *Life*.

* A Village between *Coventry* and *Nun-Eaton*.

My

y *Grave* is the next *Hole*. I ſooner may
o out o'th' *World* than this moſt deadly way.
Ye men of *Griff*, pray now *amend your wayes*:
eſt honeſt men therein do end their daies.
here went, I think, only a *pair of Shears*
tween the *Lane of Griff*, and *Vale of Tears*.
ow I can ſay that I have lately gone
horow the *Oddeſt* wayes to *Oddeſton*. *
Sad *Oddeſton*, the *houſe of Mourning*'s there.
And not an eye i'th' Town without a tear.
Yea the *whole Country* mourns, as well it may,
For *Mrs. Breſſey* was the Countryes Joy.
One more Belov'd, one Lovelier than was *She*,
They all conclude *Oddeſton* will never ſee.
And I conclude that I ſhall never tread (lead,
More *vexing wayes* than thoſe which *thither*
l bad, *all* ſad: but of all naughts the chief
as that *Infernal Lane*, the *Lane of Griff*.
rewell *Griff-Lane*: when I return to thee,
be content that *Griff* return to me.

* A Town in *Leiceſterſhire*.

Of the ſame.

Riff-Lane's a Grievous Lane, a greater woe
One would not wiſh unto his greateſt foe,

Than

Than *once a week* to go and travel there (fear
Where he shall tugge, and sweat, and grieve, and
Grieve that he's there, *Fear* that he there shall lay
(Do what he can) his Bones, to mend the way.
It is *Profoundly* bad, yet I can say
This *Good* of it, 'twill teach a man to *pray*.
Such as in all their life nere prayed, if
They were once there, would quickly pray *for life*.
Were it to change its name, and I the man
Should give it one, I'de call it *Prayer-Lane*.

Lectori.

QVo mihi Candidior *reddaris Candide Lector,*
Edendi est hujus ratio reddenda libelli.
Hoc utor Clypeo. *Facilè sternuntur* Inermes,
Quum satis Armati *nôrint sua jura tueri.*
Utor & hoc Medico. *Pereat qui Pharmaca temnit*
(*Quod sanè Insani est*) *maturè adhibere salutis est.*
Hoc volui te scire. Vale jam Candide Lector.
Tuus Tho. Du-Gardus

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 9. line 7. for rorunt lege ruunt, p. 15. l. 23. qau
lege quas, p. 24. l. 2. lege ſir⊙, p. 25. l. 6. deſluit le
ge deſluat, p. 28. l. 25. qaæ lege quæ, p. 29. l. 26. Ever
ſham lege Eveſham.

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